

## TERMS

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### From the Mirror of Taste.

#### Sporting Intelligence.

The coterie of old ladies in the British parliament, the chairwoman of which was the late sir Richard Hill, have failed in all their attempts to tie up the hands of the people from their old sports. They have declined in parliament, and they have declined in print, against all the gymnastic exercises which time immemorial have been the pride and the pastime of the hardy natives of the British islands. Never did Robespierre weep such unfeigned tears over "sweet bleeding humanity," as those good souls have shed over the broken heads, and black eyes, and bloody noses of the Bull family, who, obstinate dogs, will still go on and laugh at their ladyships. Indeed Bonaparte, himself, whose interest it really is, could not more anxiously desire the abolition of those gymnastic exercises.

The sports of England are horse-racing; fox, hare, and stag-hunting; coursing with greyhounds; shooting, fishing, bull-baiting, wrestling, single stick, pugilism, pedestrianism, cricket, &c. These are practised by all ranks and on national accounts, are encouraged by all the wise and patriotic men of the country; some few, and those mostly fanatics, excepted. To those games they add, in Ireland, the noble sport of hurling, in which that vigorous race exhibit such prodigies of strength and activity, as induced the celebrated Arthur Young to speak to this effect in his Tour through Ireland: "In their hurlings, which I would call the cricket of savages, they perform feats of agility that would not do discredit to Sadler's Wells."

The gymnastic games have been long carried on so systematically, that they make as regular a part of the public intelligence as any that finds its way into the public papers, and have, like the theatre, their appropriated publications. On this subject we would say much more, as we mean to present our readers with such things as appear curious or extraordinary in those publications; but by way of a beginning, and to pave the road for the reception of this part of our work by the public, we beg leave to offer, not to their hasty perusal, but their profound consideration, the following defence of pugilism, written, it is said, by that profound statesman, patriot, and scholar, William Windham, whose eloquence caused Sir R. Hill's bull-baiting bill to be laughed out of the House of Commons.

"I lay it down as a principle, that in every state of society; men, particularly those of the lower ranks, will ever require some means of venting their passions and redressing personal affronts, independently of those which the laws of their country might afford them; and that it is of more benefit to the community that these personal contests should be under such regulations as place bounds to resentment, than that they should be left to the unrestrained indulgence of revenge and ferocity. In most countries on the northern continent of Europe, bodily strength exclusively decides the contest; hands, feet, teeth, and nails are all employed, and the strongest gratifies his resentment by biting, kicking, and trampling upon his prostrate adversary. In the south the appeal is usually to the stiletto, and a *colpo di coltello* is so common at Naples, that there is hardly a lazarone who has not the marks of it on some part of his body; not a year passes in which there are not hundreds of assassinations in this city. Now observe the different effects of a different principle: A sailor, some time since, at Nottingham, lent an aeronaut his assistance in preparing the ascent of his balloon; when receiving a blow from one of the by-standers while he held a knife in his hand—"You scoundrel," exclaims the tar, "you have taken the advantage by striking me because you knew that, as I had a knife I could not strike you again." Under similar circumstances, what would have been the conduct of a Genoese or Neapolitan?"

Boxing, as it is conducted in this country, is a remnant of the ancient tilt and tournament, conducted on the principles of honor and equity; a contest of courage, strength, and dexterity, where every thing like an unfair and ungenerous advantage, is proscribed and abhorred. It is a custom peculiarly our own, and to which probably we are not only indebted

for the infrequency of murder and assassination, but also for the victories of Malaga, and Trafalgar.

Some persons are willing to allow these effects, provided the practice was confined to casual contests, and not extended to public combats, and stage fights.—These, they say, induce the laborious men to quit their occupations, and serve as a rendezvous for the disorderly and the profligate; but is not the same objection to be made to all amusements in which the lower orders are peculiarly interested, and where else would men of this description practically learn, that the gratification of their personal resentments must be limited by the laws of honor and forbearance? Had Crib struck Gregson after the decision of the contest in his favor, what would have been the indignant feelings of the surrounding multitude, and what would he not have experienced from their resentment? And are these feelings not worth inculcating? will they not characterize a nation, and are they not the genuine sources of generosity and honor? If it be admitted, which I think cannot be denied, that any advantage be derived to society from individuals in these combats being restrained from giving full scope to ferocity and revenge, these advantages must be exclusively ascribed to the custom of public exhibitions. It is from these that all regulation and restrictions originate—it is from these they are propagated, and with these they will be extinguished.

"I am not without apprehension, that from abhorrence of what some call brutal and vulgar pursuits, the noble science of attack and defence should be in future proscribed at the seminaries of Eton, Winchester, and Westminster, and that little master should be enjoined by his mama, in case of an affront, to resort to his master for redress and protection.—To the custom, indeed, as it now prevails, the English youth are, in a great measure indebted for their nobleness and manliness of character. Two boys quarrel, they agree to box it out—they begin and they end by shaking hands; the enmity terminates with the contest—And what is this but a lesson of courage, magnanimity, and forgiveness? the principles of which are thus indelibly impressed on the mind of the boy, and must ever after influence the character of the man."

"Away then with this effeminate cant about maintaining order and decorum, by the suppression of the public exhibitions of manly exercises. To them the individual Englishman owes his superiority to the individual of every other country, in courage, strength, and agility; and as a country is composed of individuals, to what other causes can England more reasonably impute her proud pre-eminence among nations which she now enjoys, and which she will ever maintain till this spirit is tamed into servility, under the pretence of applying salutary restrictions to the licentiousness of the people."

After the foregoing essay, a parallel drawn between English men and English mastiffs by the celebrated cardinal Ximenes comes not unappropriately in this place.

The cardinal, who was minister to one of the French monarchs, observed that the English, like their native mastiffs, lived in a state of internal hostility. "The cause," said he, "which creates a canine uproar, every one knows, is a bone; whence among the English, every statistical elevation, as well as other causes of contest, is called a bone of contention.—During the time of profound peace, these island dogs are always growling, snapping at, and tearing each other; but the moment the barking of foreign dogs is heard, the contention about bones ceases, the whole species become friends, and with one heart and mind they join their teeth to defend their kennels against foreign enemies."

COL. THORNTON'S DEPARTURE FROM YORKSHIRE.—Every true sportsman of this country must regret to hear that what has been for sometime rumored has at last taken place. Col. Thornton has been induced to part with Falconer's hall, and if the report is true, we have to congratulate him in having selected the most enviable and princely domain in England, a residence unparalleled in its situation either for a man of fashion, a *bon vivant*, or a sportsman. After having given the very best sport in hawking, coursing and hunting, at Scarborough, Falconer's hall, and to the Saltergate Club, the colonel, a few days since, proceeded through York, on his way to Spy Park, in Wiltshire, followed by a cavalcade, (such as attracted the attention of the whole of this place) in the following order:

First, the boat-wagon, so well known by the opponents of my lord Milton, and held by the owner invaluable, from having conveyed not less than three thousand independent free-holders of this virtuous country to vote, and ultimately, in spite of ministerial influence, to elect lord Milton, a descendant of that man, the pattern of patriotism and unexampled rectitude, Charles Watson Wentworth, marquis of Rockingham;—this wagon, admirably contrived for the carrying of luggage or loose

dogs, covered with the skins of stags, fallow-deer and roebucks killed by the colonel; nets, otter spears, fishing rods, and guns, drawn by four thorough-bred cream-colored Arabians bred by the king. Next a dog-cart, which carried milk-white terriers, and beautiful grayhounds; These were all sheeted and embroidered with the different matches they had won; the novelty of this appeared to excite particular gratification. The huntsman, mounted upon a powerful, fine gray himself, followed by an immense pack (judged not less than one hundred couple) of stag-hounds, fox-hounds, and otter-hounds, and lively lag dog beaglers. A stud-groom and four grooms, each leading a thorough-bred horse, the descendants, as it is said, of Jupiter;—deer-skins covered them by way of housing. A keeper appropriately dressed, with three brace of pointers. The falconer in green and silver, surrounded by hawks, and on his fist a venerable grand-duck, closed this procession. Following, we understand, there were nine wagon loads of old wine and ale, brought from Thornville Royal, inestimable from its age, and held by the duke of York as the finest wine in the kingdom. These wines, moved at such an immense expence, were from twenty-five to an hundred years old.

Many sportsmen, though delighted with the *coup d'œil*, could not forbear saying they should never see such sport as they had enjoyed with the colonel, and envied those who were now to partake of his amusements and hospitality in Wiltshire.

The distance we understand this cavalcade is to travel, is about two hundred miles. A farther account of this very valuable removal, and their safe arrival at their destination (and such was the sincere wish of all the spectators) we hope to give hereafter.

Since the publication of colonel Thornton's departure from Yorkshire, the following letter has appeared in the public prints:

I am happy to inform the public through the medium of your interesting paper, that the cavalcade of colonel Thornton at this place, was distinguished by a junction of an immense number of sporting and other valuable paintings, together with a collection of rare exotic plants, and three wagon loads of bald faced and other red deer, roebucks, Asiatic deer, and party-colored fallow deer; a *garde chasse* had the charge of two brace of Russian and French wild boars, the latter understood to be a present from Napoleon, in return for seventy couple of high-bred fox-hounds, descended from the famous old Conqueror, and sent to the emperor Napoleon during the last peace, whose high mettle afforded him the most exquisite gratification. A brace of cormorants with silver rings around their necks, and broke in for fish-hunting; together with ichneumons and pole cat ferret, for rat-hunting, and some beautiful milk-white Muscovy ducks, and a number of high-bred blood mares, foals, coats, fillies, and the two famous horses, the Esterhazy and Theodolite, closed this splendid procession; and it is understood that on their arrival at Spy Park they were met by the colonel and some sporting friends, who expressed their astonishment, that after having travelled through such almost impossible roads, amid torrents of rain, and particularly the lap-dog beagles, not more than thirteen inches and a half high, and consequently often swimming, they should have arrived without the least injury.

COLONEL O'KELLY'S FAMOUS HORSE DUNGANNON.—This celebrated racer is sire of many famous horses; he is the son of the famous eclipse, was foaled in 1780, and bred by Col. O'Kelly himself.

The exploits of this famous racer are still fresh in the memory of all frequenters of the turf; and that his figure may survive with his fame, a most spirited print of him is published in England, in which he was drawn accompanied by a sheep. A story attaches to this curious coalescence, which we think worth relating to our readers.

As a drover was passing by Col. O'Kelly's on his way with a flock of sheep for Smithfield market, one of them became so lame and sore-footed, that it could travel no further. The man wishing to get rid of the impediment, took up the distressed animal, and dropped it over the pales of the paddock belonging to Mr. O'Kelly, where the race horse was then grazing, and pursued his journey, intending to call for the sheep, upon his return back to the farmer who had employed him, believing the creature after a little rest, would quickly recover. This was the case, and an attachment between the two rangers of the little paddock presently took place, almost to surpass probability. It is related by evidence indisputable, that such was the affection of Dungannon for the sheep, that besides sporting with it in various ways, he would sometimes take it in his mouth by the neck with great tenderness, and lift it into the crib where the groom deposited his fodder, as much as to say, though you are not able to reach it, I will help you to

the banquet. Besides this, the horse would on all occasions defend his new friend, and suffered no one to offer him the least molestation.

Mr. O'Kelly being made acquainted with these circumstances, resolved to make the sheep his own, bought him of the farmer, and marked the wool with his own initials, D. O.K. and left the two friends in peaceable possession of the paddock and its adjoining shelter.

Mr. Stubbs the painter, being acquainted with these facts, when he requested leave to paint Dungannon, also introduced the portrait of the sheep, as a lasting memento of the usual affection that subsisted between two creatures, so dissimilar in appearance, and so opposite in their pursuits.

### From the N. Y. Mirror.

#### THREE DAYS AT LISNEDECKERS.

##### A Hunt and an Adventure.

The warm south wind, which had distressed the hounds yesterday, had changed during the night. The air, as I sprang from bed, was bracing as a cold bath, and raising my window blinds, I found the country covered with a white frost; yet so rose a hue was thrown over every thing from the east, that I cast up the window, and indulged in the vivifying luxury of an air-bath.

Old Captain G. joined our breakfast-table; he is above six feet in height, a noted hunter, and his whole appearance is in character, even his horse, it is said, can track a deer as well as a hound.

Horsemen with hounds coupled, were seen trotting up the sides of the mill-pond, as old John Murray again pulled us across it. The broad still waters of the pond reflected back the rosy hue of the morning sky; and the bright crimson leaves on its borders were rendered more brilliant by the silencing of the frost.

The second stand fell this day to my lot, the third to T's, and G. resumed his from Station, called Morris' stand.

The forest above me was soon awakened by a chorus of hounds, and crack, came a sharp report through the keen air; there was no second shot—the first had evidently done business. Again all was quiet. A large eagle disturbed by the report, or by the baying of the hounds, came wheeling aloft. Perceiving me on his second circle, I heard the rush like a torrent from his powerful pinions, as he beat in his sudden ascent.

Three other reports startled the forest during the day, but I saw neither deer nor hound.

At length the click of an oar, and the low laugh of John Murray, came to me down the water, and the boat dropped round one of the islands, bearing T. in its bow. As it neared me, I saw that it was encumbered with a fine young buck. T. informed me that he had also knocked down a large doe, as she paused in front of him, listening to the hounds; but she had risen as he approached her, and escaped into the thicket.

On reaching the inn, we found that G. had killed two fine does.

In the afternoon, my horse, having been for two days without exercise, showed a disposition to carry off the stable at the end of his halter; so ordering him saddled and T. bestriding the long-tailed blue—or black, I should rather say—we galloped for miles through the foot-paths.

A gloomy morning was the next; distant thunderclouds were piled heavily upon the horizon; and the damp, heavy atmosphere, which had weighed upon the heart during the sleep engendering dreams and nightmare, would fain have kept dominion over me. The morning should long since have broken, yet the whole house seemed under the influence of some misty magician of the night. That accidental rap against the wall, however, has caused a rustling in the next room, and uncurtained a pair of orbs that might light up the mists of Mont Blanc.

The boat again put forth upon the mill-pond, and moved sluggishly upon its bosom. Old John's laugh was more frequent than usual, as he pulled the oar, owing to the heaviness of the atmosphere; and the forest closed around me with unusual gloom, as I rode through its paths for Morris' stand.

A warm shower descended soon after I had reached my post by the river. The lank moss dropped mournfully from the dark firs, and there was none of the gay underwood which in other parts relieved the gloom of the forest. As I gazed upon the scene, I could have fancied myself transported to the neighborhood of Mobile, for I recollect just such melancholy forests of pine in the vicinity of that city.

The morning passed away, and neither deer nor hound came near me, and I left my stand in obedience to the signal to return.

When nearly home I was arrested by the bay of hounds, close by the borders of the forest and entered the brushwood, on foot, to make my way to them. I was beguiled on, and on through the matted and tangled underwood, crossing bogs deep enough to swallow me, had I not sprung from root to root. After an hour's toil directing my course by the sun,

I penetrated to the borders of the river. Pausing a moment, I thought I heard a slight sound from below, and giving a light hallo, I was promptly answered. A boat shot towards me bearing an old hunter of the neighborhood, who asked, with looks of extreme alarm, what upon earth had induced me to come there. He had been listening to my progress through the thicket, and had made sure of a deer: he had seen the bushes move behind which I paused on the river side. The noise I heard was the slight concussion, as he deposited the oar; and he had cocked his gun to fire, as I spoke.

He had already seen one man shot in that part of the forest, and cautioned me repeatedly not again to venture in it.

My alarmed deer-stalker shoved me home in his boat, and came, by my invitation, to dine with us.

Toward evening I took leave of my merry companions of the rifle; my good chesnut carried me a thirty mile canter to Hempstead, the greater part by moonlight, and on the following morning I bestrode him for the remaining distance to New-York.

A fine saddle of Venison came to the city for me, with one of my companions, the day following.

The skin which I have dressed, I shall preserve as a trophy of the chase; and it will likewise be a talisman, which, in after times, and far away, shall bring before me visions of the good old Dutch inn with its significant sign. Liffy, who is a very kind of his class, at the porch to receive his guests; and an Indian apparition of John Murray, whose true conversion to Christianity so continually illustrated in his forgiveness of his enemy, would gratify the zeal of all sincere missionaries, saving that it is of spontaneous growth. An uplifting of the elbow, indeed, rather than of the soul, characterizes his religion; and on inquiring, rather than an outpouring of the spirit.

Farewell, John Murray! it is a hearty good will which suggests my jokes upon thee, and thou shalt walk in my memory long after thou hast ceased to steal upon the deer. I think I hear thee answer me with one of thy mysterious smiles, that "many gay waves of the rivulet have dashed on the ocean, while the old twig they reflected still bends over the stream."

I. V. W.

### LOCKE'S CONFESSION OF BELIEF.

I have long been of opinion that the foundation of many of the errors into which mankind daily fell, lies in the indefinite unexamined notions which they possess upon almost any given subject. Words, and not ideas, being only what are taught at our scholastic institutions, and the juvenile mind being seldom, except by chance, subjected to cultivation, we find that people, when they arrive at manhood, have, in most instances, no settled defined opinion on the character and what will be the result of particular lines of conduct, and that the judgment is left entirely to be formed from the lagging experience of years. It has been suggested to me that much of this mischievous want of sober reflection might be obviated by every person, who is capable of reasoning, reducing their opinions (in morals, religion, and politics, for instance,) to a formal confession of belief—that is, write down what they actually think on such subjects. Yet it is perhaps vain to expect that persons who are engaged in the multifarious duties of life should thus turn author, as it were, though but for an hour; and in such a case, the next best is for them, to ponder on the confessions of opinion of some of our great luminaries, in philosophic reasoning.

If I were asked to point out to the juvenile inquirer after truth, where he ought to pursue his search, I would say, read, learn, and act upon the philosophy of John Locke. His Essay on the Human Understanding, I need not say, is invaluable; but his loose papers, recently brought to light by Lord King, and appended to the life which he has written of that distinguished man, are also excellent. The latter work, being published in an expensive form, very few can have it in their power to examine it; and I therefore take the liberty of extracting some of the more practically useful articles; in the meanwhile, offering the following confession of belief, which Locke entitles

#### THUS I THINK

It is a man's proper business to seek happiness and avoid misery.

Happiness consists in what delights and contents the mind, misery in what disturbs, discomposes, or torments it.

I will therefore make it my business to seek satisfaction, and delight, and avoid uneasiness and disquiet, or have as much of the one and as little of the other as may be.

Let me then see wherein consists the most lasting pleasures of this life, and that, as far as I can observe is in these things:

1st. Health—without which no sensual pleasure can have any relish.

2d. Reputation—for that I find every